

Duck Sauce

Mack Wilds

The beginning of a heat rock
Money to the treetops
Thick señoritas
Want me to sign their te-ta's
A young hood nigga born and raised where the streets hot
Rob you for your wristwatch
Watch and get your g shocked
Static's what we need not
My niggas roll with heaters
And I don't need a gat
Cuz my raps get your bitch hot
Make your lady's knees knock
Touching on her sweet spots
Had her brown round wide open like a pita, hey
Mira, mira, ben aqui like my primo
Counting up these c-notes
Sorry Nevy, B-notes
New York niggas get dough
Watch me as I kick flows
Yes, I sing and rap, now get your bitch up off my new growth

Duck sauce

I be the point of all her interests
Wicked, twisted, and vicious
Like putting pit bulls on your mother's christmas gift list
From staten isle, the land of lost toys and misfits
Now living on your chick's lips
And I swear that all these chickens in here only want some liquid
Seed, and I can live with
Feed-ing them this Nesquik
Breathe, baby, you messing with
Me, Macky, you desperately
Wishing too deep to get up on this guest list
I'll put you on this next shit, what?!
(i'll put you on this next shit)
Shit, most of these niggas out here fronting like they Warbucks
But really orphan anything to get a SlowBucks
Fuck all this talking, when I was young, I was J. Tuck
Trucking anything in my way to get me a tour bus
Aw shucks, this young nigga can spit sick
Now my neck is, covered in your girl's lipstick
The shit is, while you wanting all her kisses?
She's kissing on my dipstick

Duck sauce

Mad duck sauce up on my chicken wings
You might not get it, 'cuz it's a New York thing
Your Beef and Broccoli's, too sloppy
They see my Masterminds and wanna copy
So Copy that, everybody wanna be Mack
A fly nigga looking good on this Pete track
And for you lames trying to hear change?
I'll sell you all the same thing